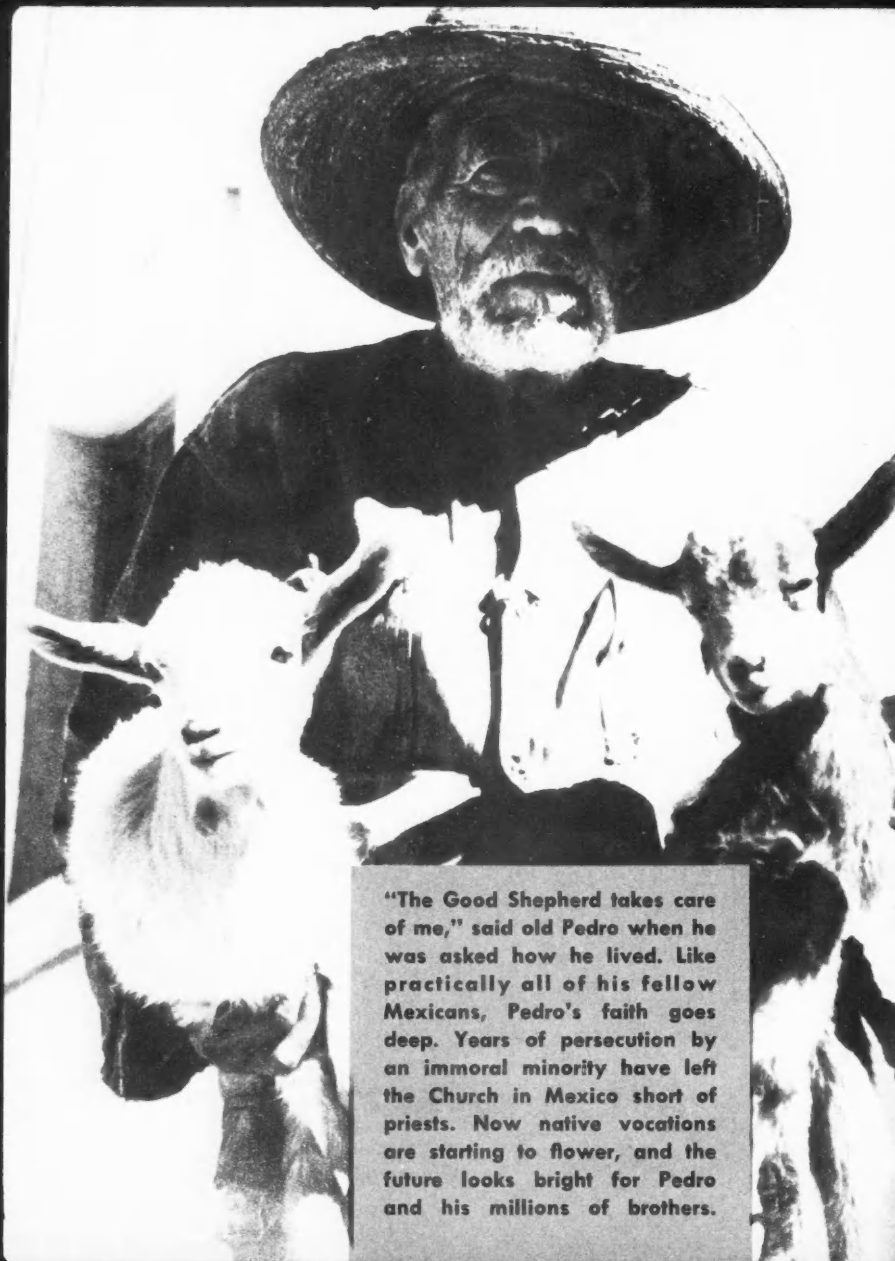


Maryknoll



FIELD AAR

FEBRUARY 1950



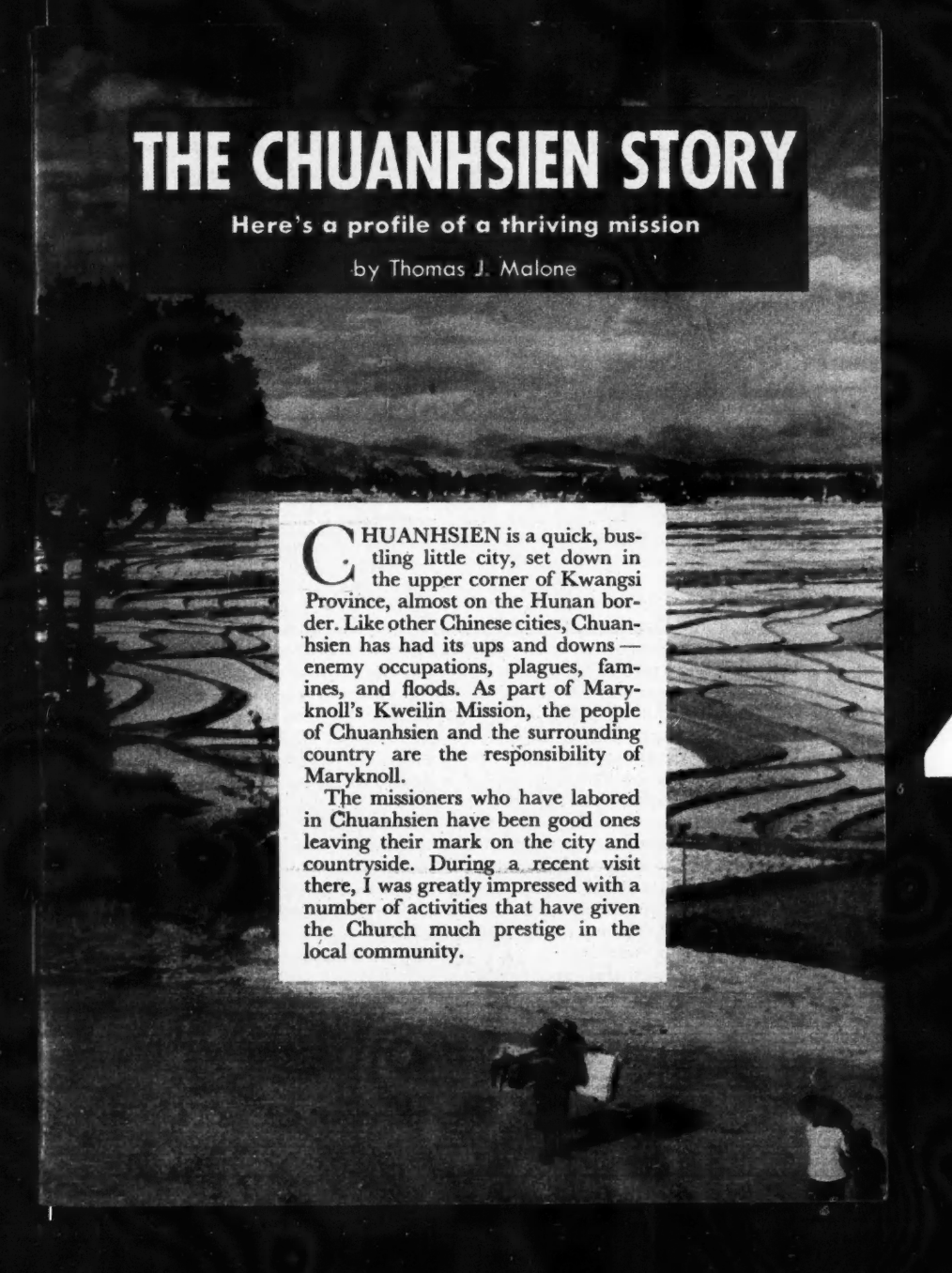
"The Good Shepherd takes care of me," said old Pedro when he was asked how he lived. Like practically all of his fellow Mexicans, Pedro's faith goes deep. Years of persecution by an immoral minority have left the Church in Mexico short of priests. Now native vocations are starting to flower, and the future looks bright for Pedro and his millions of brothers.



THE CHUANHSIEN STORY

Here's a profile of a thriving mission

by Thomas J. Malone



CHUANHSIEN is a quick, bustling little city, set down in the upper corner of Kwangsi Province, almost on the Hunan border. Like other Chinese cities, Chuanhsien has had its ups and downs — enemy occupations, plagues, famines, and floods. As part of Maryknoll's Kweilin Mission, the people of Chuanhsien and the surrounding country are the responsibility of Maryknoll.

The missionaries who have labored in Chuanhsien have been good ones leaving their mark on the city and countryside. During a recent visit there, I was greatly impressed with a number of activities that have given the Church much prestige in the local community.

During the war, most of the inhabitants fled from Chuanhsien. After the Japanese evacuated the area, the people returned — and found their city largely destroyed. They soon learned that many boys, whose parents had been killed or had died of starvation, were living in the ruins and begging in the streets. Father Edwin McCabe of Providence, R. I., felt that the situation demanded immediate attention.

Father visited Government officials and persuaded them to lend him some buildings. Then he went about the streets, gathering the boys together, and telling them that he had a home for them in the borrowed buildings. From relief agencies, Father McCabe obtained beds, clothing, and food for his waifs.

Today Father Lloyd Glass, of Cresco, Iowa, is pastor of Chuanhsien and is carrying on the work of his predecessor. Father Glass gives the boys vocational training, so that when they leave the school, they will be able to support themselves. When relief funds ran low, Father Glass kept the project going by begging from local Chinese officials and from friends in America.

The missionaries did not confine their efforts to work for boys, however. Another helpful project was

one of flood control. Every few years, a mountain stream in the environs of Chuanhsien used to flood some villages, and wash away precious soil. Another Maryknoller, Father Wencelaus F. Knotek, of Racine, Wisconsin, went among the farmers of those villages and told them that the floods were unnecessary, and

could be halted if the people would co-operate on a new project. He showed the men how a dam could protect the villages.

Father Knotek planned and supervised the construction of a dam made of clay and rock. The village people were fed with relief rice while building the dam. Father Knotek made the villagers responsible for the upkeep of the dam, after he had taught them when and how to open the sluices to control the flood water. Thus an evil recurring through centuries has been ended, and the people live a more secure life.

Another result of the war was the impoverishment of the Chinese. Many parents were unable to support their children, and left them at the mission gate in the hope that they would find shelter. The missionaries debated whether or not to open an infant asylum. Finally, an alternate plan was chosen.

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.**



Foster parents and their charges (above) pose, after their weekly visit to the mission to have the babies examined and weighed. Future citizens of Chuanhsien Boystown (below) wonder why the foreigner calls to them.



Catholic foster parents were found to take care of the babies. Each week the foster mother brings the foundling to the baby clinic conducted by two Chinese Sisters. Here the baby is examined and weighed. The "mother" is given a weekly ration of powdered milk. After a year, the foster parents are allowed to adopt the babies if they wish.

Chuanhsien's dispensary work is under the care of Father Howard C. Geselbracht, of Chicago. He specializes in visiting outlying villages, to pass out remedies for common ailments.

Another interesting project in Chuanhsien is the mission rice bank. In rural China, most of the people live a hand-to-mouth, day-by-day existence. Rice harvested one year, must last until the next harvest. If there is a bad harvest, the people must either starve or borrow against a future crop. In the regular market, exorbitant rates of interest are charged on borrowed rice. For every hundred pounds borrowed, three hundred pounds must be returned. So the missionaries decided to set up a rice bank for their Catholics.

Fifty families in a village form a unit. Before harvest time, in May or June, a meeting of the heads of families is held. The villagers elect one man to be their unit's head, and two men to be his assistants. The unit's headman must be a Catholic.

Each family gets 100 pounds of rice, or twenty pounds per person over two years of age. The missionaries

We Thank

our benefactors for their gracious help. Our best expression of gratitude is the promise of each Maryknoll priest to offer his Mass every Friday and our Brothers and students to pray for our benefactors.

deliver this rice in their truck, or the unit members call for it at the mission. Within ten days after the harvest, the people pay back 130 pounds for every 100 pounds borrowed. This returned rice is kept in a special bin at the mission. In the next year, each family can borrow 130 pounds, and return 169 pounds. During the third year, 169 pounds may be borrowed and 200 pounds returned. The mission then withdraws its original investment, leaving each family with 120 pounds of rice. The unit members are thus sufficiently supplied to continue the rice bank on their own.

Our Chuanhsien rice bank has been in operation for about a year without any losses. However, occasional losses must be expected, because of illness or death. The rice bank serves a twofold use: it unites the Christians, and it gives them considerable security, which is envied by their non-Christian neighbors.

All these mission projects are bearing fruit. Last year Chuanhsien had two baptisms; this year, eight hundred Chinese are studying doctrine. The majority of the catechumens are country folk. Father Thomas N. Quirk, of Portsmouth, N. H., is instructing these prospective Catholics.

City people come to the mission for their classes; the women in the daytime, the men at night. Every catechumen is questioned daily, to ascertain his progress.

Life is busy in Chuanhsien, but work there is paying big dividends.

What a Mother Can Do

by John C. Murrett



WHEN THE PRESENT Superior General of Maryknoll was returning to his mission in Manchuria in 1932, he met a Catholic Japanese mother in Seattle, Washington. She offered her services to work among the Japanese in Manchuria. This mother and her six children—three sons and three daughters—got into the work with zest. The number of souls led to the Church through their efforts will never be known until Judgment Day, but there is much evidence that that number will be great. Throughout the war years, this good woman and two of her daughters remained in Fushun, Manchuria, suffering greatly from the cold, from lack of food, and from fear of enemy invaders.

Recently the family returned to Japan. The second-oldest boy, who had intended studying for the priesthood, has been missing for five years, and the Japanese Government has declared him officially dead. The oldest daughter is in the southern part of Japan, employed by the British Forces during the day, but serving as organist, sacristan, and catechist to the Japanese priest of the town in her free time. The mother and two of the children are in the north; and the youngest is in a college in Tokyo, preparing to enter a convent.

The second-oldest daughter, who has planned to enter religion many years ago but set aside her vocation to remain with her mother, whose health was failing, recently wrote to a Maryknoll missionary regarding the youngest girl. The letter said:

"It is her intention to offer her life and work to God, and I intend to continue working so that I can see her through the University. A considerable sacrifice on my part, but I am happy to make it so that she will be as fully equipped as possible to fulfill her calling to the utmost. Perhaps we are reckless in planning so much sacrifice, but we both feel that nothing is too much if done for the honor and glory of God. My sister is a very fine young lady; she is Mother's only hope. I have proved such a disappointment to her."

The good mother did not agree with that last statement. Although reluctant to praise her family, she added to her daughter's note: "God has blessed me in all my children."

The name of this zealous mother will never be written in the history of Japan. But the Book of Life will surely hold a golden page on which her and her children's victories for Christ will be recorded. She is a model for all mothers everywhere.



Yellow, red and white are the favorite colors of the little ladies of Korea. Today, however, Miss Korea is being introduced to other hues — gifts of the American people through War Relief Services. Maryknoll's Father George M. Carroll is the LARA representative in Seoul. Through his efforts, many Korean orphans are sporting new frocks from far across the Pacific. Maryknollers now carry on in southern Korea.





MISS KOREA

PHOTOS IN COLOR BY GEORGE CARROLL AND HORACE BRISTOL

MORE RICE TO GRIND

by Donat W. Chatigny

HOW SHOULD YOU like to meet a three-foot, poisonous snake as you enter your home after dark? That happened to me last night after I had come from closing the dispensary. Luckily I had my flashlight; otherwise, I might by now have grass growing over my head. I tried to kill the unwelcome visitor, but it made its way into a crevice in the floor. Now I am more careful when entering the house in the evening.

Dispensary work is not pleasant, but I think that God blesses our little efforts. One woman expressed her astonishment at my kindness in treating the patients. I took occasion to explain that the kindness was the result of faith in God.

Just the other day the lady catechist told me about a young woman not far from the mission here in Chekkai, Kongmoon, China. The young woman is dying of T.B. and the Christians begged me to go and try to persuade the sick one to be baptized. The lady catechist warned me beforehand that the girl said she wished to die and become a devil, so that she could punish the people who were unkind to her when she was sick. Thanks be to God, she finally listened to the doctrine and con-

sented to be baptized. I gave her the name of Mary.

And that puts me in mind of the three young men who came strolling by the mission; they saw me piling firewood in the yard, and stopped to chat. When they inquired about entering the Church, I explained that they would first need to study the doctrine. But then and there gave them the fundamentals for our belief in the existence of God. I used, among other examples, the vegetables growing there at our feet. The incident made me recall the preaching of our Blessed Lord in the country sections of Galilee.

One day, at about sunset, an odd-looking pair entered the dispensary. An older woman was carrying a young woman in her early twenties. The poor thing seemed to have pneumonia, and death was apparently close. The sick woman's voice was muddy, but her hearing was still fair, so I was able to impart some doctrine to her. With her consent, I baptized her Therese. She died that night, and on the next day relatives came to bury Therese.

On a recent mission trip, I was peacefully sleeping when someone woke me about midnight and asked me to go to the bedside of a Chris-

After death she wished to become a devil to get even with unkind people. And then Father Chatigny brought the kindness of Christ to this poor woman's deathbed.

tian who was in great pain. I judged it was not prudent to defer the Last Sacraments till morning. Under the circumstances, I said Mass right away in order to administer Viaticum, for I feared that morning would be too late. There were lumps, about the size of U. S. silver dollars, on the poor man's stomach, and these moved from place to place, a curious thing indeed! But the man was still alive when I had to move on to the next station.

On my return, the ever-faithful Anna Lam (the name of my lady catechist) told me about a boy in the city who was very sick, and asked me to see him. There were a few persons at the dispensary just then who required my attention. It was about ten minutes before I could get away. But death had got to the house ahead of me. Feeling the dead boy's body I found that it was still warm, so I administered baptism. If this baptism was too late, there is still the likelihood that he had baptism of desire, for he had expressed a wish to be baptized.

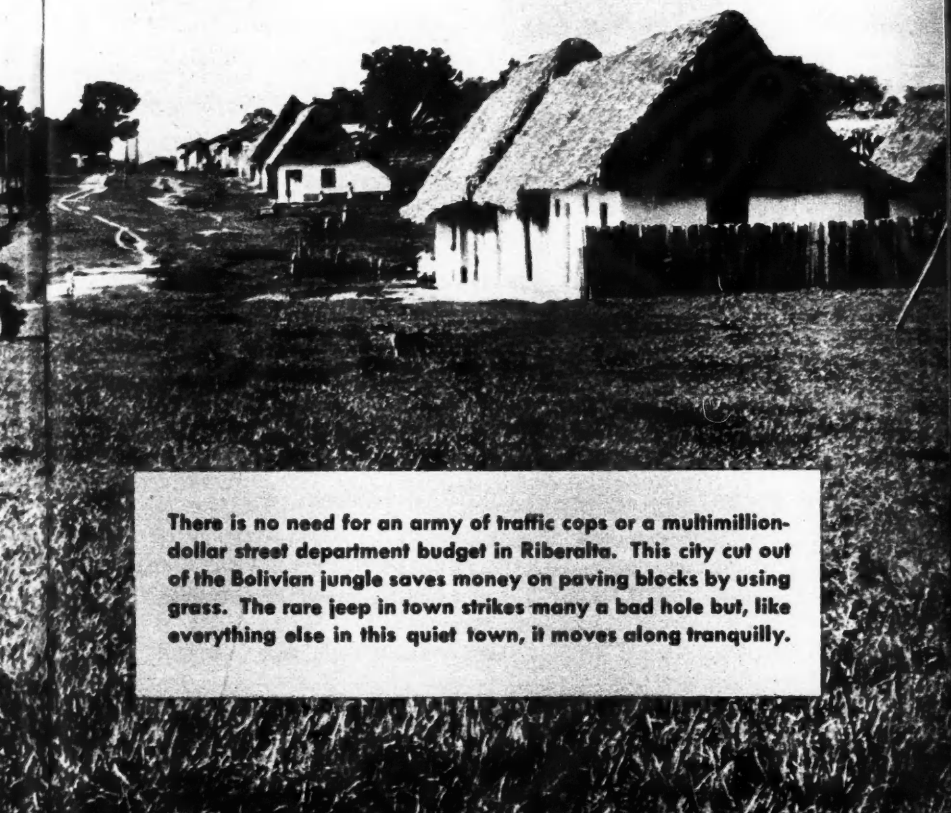
Before closing, I must tell you that nine more orphans were brought into the mission recently. Now we have twenty-six mouths to feed—and that means more rice to grind!



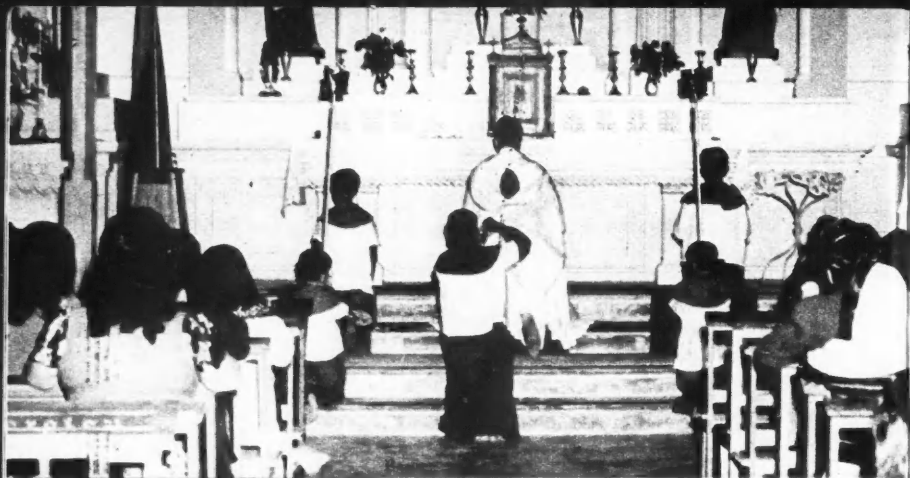
The City with



Grass Streets



There is no need for an army of traffic cops or a multimillion-dollar street department budget in Riberalta. This city cut out of the Bolivian jungle saves money on paving blocks by using grass. The rare jeep in town strikes many a bad hole but, like everything else in this quiet town, it moves along tranquilly.



When Maryknollers first arrived, church-going had fallen into disuse in Riberafta. But good will was abundant; a little coaxing worked wonders.



Now God's blessing marks birth, death, and the joining of man and woman in wedlock. Here Father John N. Fowler, of Malden, Mass., baptizes a babe.



MEET ARMANDO: Sister found him a little slow when she called on him in catechism class, but he was quick to land this big prize from the Beni River.



Opportunities are few in Riberalta. Young couples starting life need not only the sacraments but the missionary's guidance to build Catholic homes.

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Two young priest friends who studied in Paris during the nineteenth century played an important role in launching our American foreign mission movement. They played an important role, also, in the foundation of Maryknoll.

The two were Abbe Hogan, a priest born in Ireland, who became a Sulpician in France, and Father Theophane Venard, a son of the French countryside, who became a priest of the Paris Foreign Missions Society.

Theophane Venard went to Indo-China (now called Vietnam) and labored there for a time as a missionary when that land was convulsed by a terrible persecution—one of the worst anywhere in the world. The young French priest soon was captured and confined in a cage. Finally he was beheaded for the Faith, at Hanoi, in 1861. The Church has raised him to her altars as Blessed Theophane Venard, with his feast on February 2.

The blood of martyrs became the seed of the mission movement in America. Abbe Hogan came to the United States and was appointed rector of Boston's diocesan seminary—St. John's, in Brighton. Profoundly influenced by the fate of his school-time friend, Father Venard, the Abbe pleaded the cause of missions frequently and zealously. Among the seminarians he influenced was James

Anthony Walsh, of Cambridge. After ordination, the young curate prepared mission literature with Abbe Hogan's encouragement; and in 1903, Father James Anthony Walsh was named Boston's Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, on Abbe Hogan's recommendation.

Blessed Theophane continued to exert great influence in the years after Father Walsh joined with Father Price to found Maryknoll. A biography of Theophane, prepared by Father Walsh, was the inspiration of many early Maryknoll vocations. In the first Maryknoll chapel was a tiny Martyrs' Shrine, and a relic of Blessed Theophane had an important place there. Events in Theophane's life, and certain of his mottoes—such as Saint Paul's "For me to die is gain"—formed part of the spiritual food of Maryknoll's pioneer days. Father Walsh delivered many of his conferences on the life of Blessed Theophane. When Maryknoll's first preparatory seminary was built in Clarks Summit, Pa., it was named after the martyr.

Thus is fashioned the course of God's Church. An Irish boy and a French boy were classroom companions, and through their friendship American schoolboys of today are prompted to carry Christ's cross over the world



"Cherry Blossoms in my Garden...."

At the age of fifty, he had to begin
a new life. Could he meet the challenge?

by Paul Suzuki

THE OTHER DAY I met Father Croarkin, our pastor here in Chicago Heights, and he said to me, "You are very famous and popular in town now, Paul."

"Yes," I replied. "Since the *Chicago Tribune* picked my family for the press, I am town talk. Congratulations are given to me on every corner of the street."

About the Author

PAUL SUZUKI was a young salesman in Seattle when Maryknoll first started work there for the Japanese, nearly thirty years ago. He became one of Maryknoll's first converts and is a very active worker for the Church. He is married and has four daughters and one son. The family's life was disrupted when they had to leave their Seattle home at the outbreak of World War II. Now they all live in Chicago.

When I first moved to Champaign, there was no house to rent. Three days later I found a house. It was an upstairs flat of four rooms in the slum district, rent \$16. There was no gas so I bought a three-plate, oil cookstove for \$20, and five Army cots and mattresses. I slept on the floor for the first two weeks, and then with my first pay check bought a sofa for the living room, and a bed for my wife and myself.

In the evening I made table and chairs from shipping crates. With my next pay check, I bought linoleum for the floor, and curtains to replace the flour sacks on the windows.

Six months later, priests of St. Agnes Church in Chicago Heights found us a seven-room house at \$35 a month rent. It was owned by the man who sells coal to the church. At first he wasn't sure of me, but after a few months he began to trust me nice because I have four girls.

My next neighbor was a county commissioner. His wife likes pretty



Paul Suzuki works for the Church and does landscaping for Mrs. C. Kirgis (above). Mrs. Suzuki (left) raises her children to be good Americans.



gardens, so in my spare time I helped her, and this family became good friends. People who passed by her house admired her velvet lawn and red geraniums. I also took care of the rectory garden, with its vegetables, flowers, and hedges. I clipped the hedge like a German crew-cut haircut. People admired this garden, so I gave them extra plants and seedlings, and taught them



Magdalen, 11, is a pupil at St. Agnes School, as is another sister. A second is in high school.

how to plant. Soon they all became close friends. I did everything I could to bring me the home feeling.

During wartime I could not talk loud on the street. It was like living in a gloomy cabin with limited fire of undried fuel, not very warm but smoky. Things began to get warmer when people began to recognize my son Henry's good service to the U. S. Army. Henry won the Purple Heart and a Bronze Star Cluster.

He won a medal for getting fifty Japanese soldiers to surrender to our American forces.

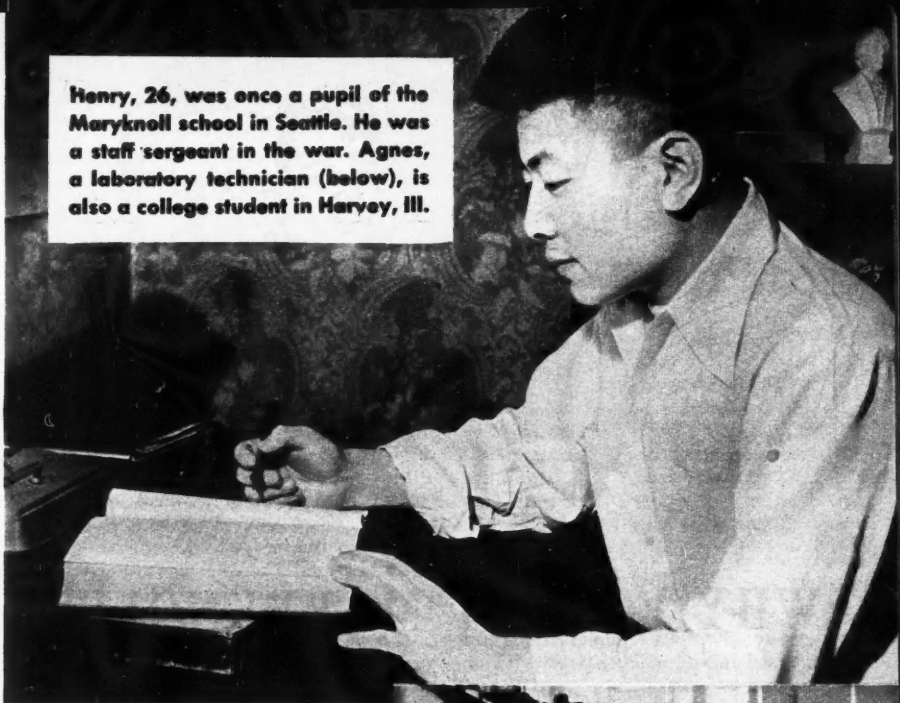
When my three little girls went to school, the other children treated them as friends. Through the Church I was finding more and better friends. It was like bringing dry wood home. Also my bank savings began to grow and I could buy things for my children easier than before. More often they could have ice cream and sodas, like other American children.

Agnes, my oldest girl, got a job in a Catholic hospital as a cleaning maid. All the patients liked her service. Another girl, who worked in the laboratory, was jealous of Agnes, because Agnes got tips from the patients. She asked to

change jobs. So Agnes moved up to the laboratory, and Sister liked her work. Now she is a laboratory technician, half a day. The other half she goes to school, and in a State examination got a 93 per cent average. She now gets regular wages, and thus the bacon she brings home helps Mama.

Henry goes to the University of Illinois to be a civil engineer. He bought Mama an electric refrigerator. Now he is treated like the president of the house. Papa is like Dutch

Henry, 26, was once a pupil of the Maryknoll school in Seattle. He was a staff sergeant in the war. Agnes, a laboratory technician (below), is also a college student in Harvey, Ill.



Cleanser, spick-and-span, chased round and round, but enjoying the life of Riley. I am contented like the milk cow, thanks to my God. Even our pet canary, Dicky, sings and sings. The *Chicago Tribune* wrote a story about us, so we became well known.

Now I tell my wife, "Mama, I feel just as if I have cherry blossoms in my family garden."

And Mama, she doesn't say anything but goes right on doing her work. But she cannot fool me. I know that she has cherry blossoms, too.





WHY I AM AT MARYKNOLL

by Paul J. Reiss

IT WAS shortly after I arrived at LaSalle Military Academy that I first realized that I would soon have to decide on what I wanted to do with my life. The whole world was open to me and I could pick any field of endeavor.

I resolved to find the answer systematically, so as not to make a mistake. I began a basic examination of myself and the purpose for which I was placed here on earth. The answer was one I had learned in my first catechism lesson in grammar school. "God made me to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him forever, in the next."

As for knowing God, I would do

that in my study of religion. Next I was to love God. But why? The answer was slow in coming, but finally I realized that God had given me everything. By sending His Son to earth, He opened heaven to me. Out of love for me, Christ died an ignominious death on the cross. Finally, I realized that only serving God, could I show my love for Him.

But how was I best to serve God? I felt sure that I could best serve God by doing what He wanted most. "Certainly," I thought, "He must want souls if He came down from heaven and was crucified to save souls. Wouldn't I then be best serving Him, if I were to help save souls?"

The conclusion was now apparent, I knew I should become a priest.

With the priesthood before me, the task remained of selecting the type of priest I wanted to be. In making this selection I kept before me the principle that I was becoming a priest in order to save souls for Jesus.

Shortly afterwards, I read an article in the *Catholic Digest*

which pointed out the need of priests in the foreign missions. Another point decided! I would be a foreign missionary.

In the library I found a copy of *The Catholic Directory*. Here I found a list of foreign mission societies in the United States. At the very head of the column I found listed the "Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America," popularly called Maryknoll. There were many other societies listed but Maryknoll seemed to appeal to me most. Maryknoll priests are secular priests, the same as the priests in my parish. It draws solely on American youth for vocations, and represents the American clergy in the foreign missions. It was established by the Bishops of the

United States. Thus my problem was finally solved. I knew what I must do with my life: save souls as a Maryknoll Missioner. The answer did

not come overnight.

In fact, it took nearly four years of ups and downs before the final decision was made.

I was then in my last year at LaSalle, and I wondered when I should enter

the seminary. How that word *seminary* frightened me! I was thinking that perhaps I ought to go to a regular college for a couple of years, and had even applied and been accepted for Holy Cross.

Then one day during a religion class Brother Leo, our teacher, remarked that many boys who are inclined towards the religious life put off entering a seminary as long as they can, and thus many vocations are lost. Brother Leo's words struck home. After graduation I wrote to Maryknoll, and I was accepted for the Junior Seminary at Lakewood.

Now I see the full truth of Brother Leo's words and I realize that the seminary is the wisest place to test your vocation.

YOU MAY WISH

a fitting memorial for your beloved ones. A room in a Maryknoll seminary with a plaque bearing the name will remind the occupant to pray daily for your beloved deceased. Offering \$500.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

2-0

Dear Fathers:

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll (Check one). I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

Priest ()

Brother ()

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Postal Zone _____

State _____ Age _____ School _____ Grade _____



In Guatemala, the humblest
peasant is at home with beauty.

The PICTURE BOOK PEOPLE

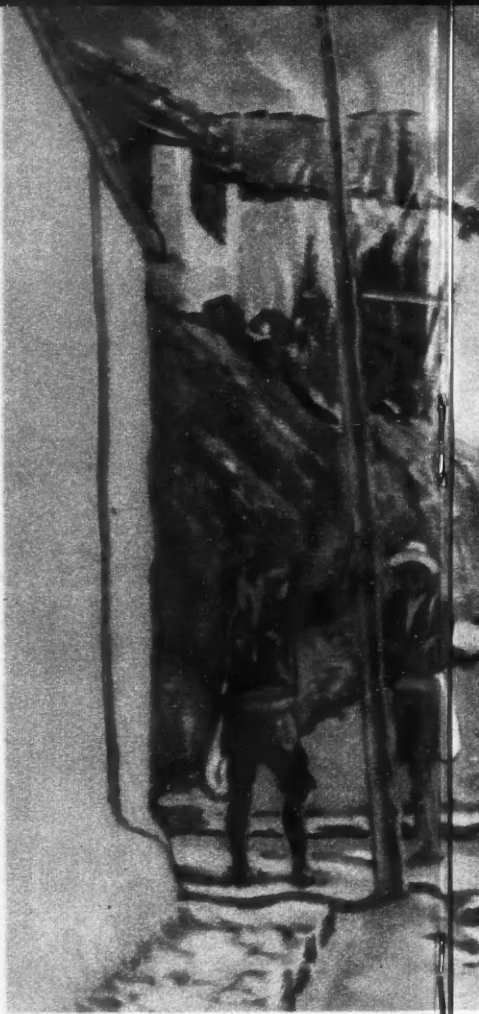




Mama loves to deck out her child in feast-day costumes, often gorgeous.



Brother Felix and other Maryknollers find the Guatemalans delightful.



Fiesta Land



Guatemalans have a natural gift for color harmony. Each village uses its own distinct costume and needlework designs. The blouse, called the *huipil*, is particularly exquisite (see that of the girl with the candle, on preceding page). An endless succession of fiestas allows this beauty full play.



The Maryknollers have charge of a region in distant Huehuetenango Province where a quarter of a million Indians have long been without priests.



The Maryknoll Roundup

Spreading Sound Ideas. Father William A. Kaschmitter sent in some good news from Tokyo, Japan. He reports that the members of a local women's club have donated about two hundred dollars, which will be spent in purchasing



Father Kaschmitter

copies of the Japanese edition of the Catholic Digest. The magazines, says Father Kaschmitter, a Maryknoller from Cottonwood, Idaho, will be distributed among the patients in the hospitals and also in the schools. The main purpose of this undertaking is to spread sound ideas of a healthy social order based on universal cooperation. This will go a long way towards weakening the forces which are trying to stir up class struggles.

Unexpected Saint. A five year old Chinese boy was whining and coughing; high fever was burning his body.



Father Curran

The father of the boy went to the mission for help. Father John F. Curran, a Maryknoller stationed in Paklau, formerly of Butte, Montana, hurried to the bedside just in time to baptize the lad before death. The child died a little saint which was his greatest blessing. The parents

were delighted that their boy had been baptized, which puzzled Father Curran since the parents weren't Catholics. Investigation revealed that a girl who had studied the doctrine and was a friend of the family had urged the father to call the priest. The girl unfortunately cannot be baptized because she is engaged to a pagan boy. She would prefer to be baptized rather than to go through with the marriage, but her preferences don't count.

Life-size. Not too long ago one of the public examiners were amazed at the knowledge of geography displayed by a pupil in a Middle American town. Father Thomas O'Rourke, a Maryknoller from New York City, was there and heard the examiner exclaim: "Young man, you did so well in finding various cities on this small globe that as a reward I'm going to give you a life-size globe."



Father O'Rourke

Jack of Two Trades. Father Joseph A. Grassi, a Maryknoller from New Rochelle, New York, is now pursuing higher studies in Rome. Reports reaching us indicate that Father Grassi is hot on the trail of something besides more knowledge. The main fuse at the Maryknoll house in Rome has been blowing all too frequently of late. Father Grassi, an

expert electrician, put in a new fuse and then went searching for the cause of the trouble. He found that the wiring system is badly in need of a complete overhaul job.

Most Heartening. "I took Holy Communion over to the hotel keeper this morning," writes Father Robert E.



Father Kearns

Kearns, a Maryknoll missionary from New York City, now stationed in Cuyucuyo, Peru. "The people down here," continues Father Kearns, "have great respect for the Blessed Sacrament, especially when it is carried on sick calls. While I carried the Blessed Sacrament a boy in the church tower rang the bells. Two boys with lighted candles preceded me. A member of the sick person's family went before, shouting in the Indian language, 'Kneel down. The reverend Father carries the Most Holy Sacrament.' The people meanwhile spread their ponchos on the road ahead as a carpet. All the neighbors and relatives gathered around the sick bed or in the yard to join

in the prayers for the sick. Administering to the sick is the most heartening consolation in our mission work."

Too Much of a Good Thing. A deer on its last legs was being dragged through the main street of Taan Chuk, China by a native stranger. Father Patrick J. Donnelly, a Maryknoller from Lansdowne, Pa., purchased the deer, hoping to fatten up the animal. But the next day the deer died. Father Donnelly immediately had the deer skinned and quartered. The change from buffalo meat to venison was a welcome relief. It was fine for the first six days—but after that!



Father Donnelly

Waste of Time. "I am still studying Spanish under many volunteer professors—all under fourteen," writes Father Hugh F. Byrne, a Maryknoller from Brooklyn, New York, now in Bolivia. "Yesterday my teachers tried to give me the Spanish word for shoehorn. I had to smile when I looked at their shoeless feet. It would be a waste of time to learn that word."

WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS?

IN THE PACIFIC

JAPAN—In the Prefecture of Kyoto.

KOREA—Temporarily in Seoul (Vicariate of Peng-Yang closed to Americans).

MANCHURIA—Diocese of Fushun.

SOUTH CHINA—Dioceses of Kongmoon, Koying, Wuchow; Prefecture of Kweilin; also in Diocese of Hong Kong.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS—In Diocese of Honolulu.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—Postwar work as yet undetermined.

IN LATIN AMERICA

BOLIVIA—Vicariate of Pando; also in La Paz, Cochabamba, and Santa Cruz.

CHILE—In Dioceses of Talca, Chillan, Temuco, and parish in Santiago.

PERU—In Diocese of Puno; among Chinese in Lima.

CENTRAL AMERICA—In the Huehuetenango region of Guatemala and in two other areas of the north.

IN AFRICA

TANGANYIKA—In Vicariate of Musoma-Maswa.

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

This Month's Cover

CHINESE have always been noted for their ingenuity. Little Wu Lung's mother is no exception. She has turned this barrel into a playpen. Now she can go about her chores, sure that her baby is safe. Wu Lung can play in that old barrel for hours. But his imagination will still devise new things he can make believe about his barrel in far-off China.



Reaching the

AN ASPECT of modern mission work that has not always received deserved emphasis is the intellectual apostolate. In all the great mission areas, and particularly in the deeply cultured Far East, it is highly desirable that the role of the Church and its philosophy of life be clearly and insistently made known among the intellectual classes. The molders of public opinion come from those classes. Their ascendancy in the lives of their fellow countrymen is more pronounced today than ever. It is true that the intellectual classes are more difficult to appeal to than some other categories of people. But that only means that they require a special kind of apostolate to meet their needs — an apostolate painstakingly designed to penetrate their defenses. They deserve to be evangelized, not neglected.

AS A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE, mission work in any country is an apostolate to everybody in that country. No class in the population is excluded from the range and scope of the project. In practice, however, the work of evangelization often develops very unevenly. Success in mission work brings its own problems.

As evangelization proceeds, great charitable and educational institutions are created. And other similar developments take place, which tend to absorb the mission workers. These developments are normal, but indirectly they may cause some other important phase of the work to be neglected. Missioners who are totally engrossed in pastoral and organizational work

Intellectuals

will scarcely find time and means to prepare lectures, write books, and edit newspapers designed to influence the educated classes. This important work finds itself relegated to the background. In many mission fields, the lack of any serious endeavor to conceive and execute a well-designed, long-range intellectual apostolate is a case of this nature.

THE MODERN MISSION ERA began with the celebrated performance of Father Matteo Ricci, which furnishes one of the classic models of the intellectual apostolate. In China, this great missionary concentrated his main efforts on the leaders and scholars of his period, and he achieved a striking success in so doing. It is true that he was confronted with an unusual problem and that much water has flowed under the bridge since his day, but his example is still inspiring.

Today there is again a "forbidden land" in China: it is the sphere of the intellectuals. It calls for a penetration that is long overdue. Shall the leaders of the people not be evangelized? Shall those who wield the greatest influence fill their groping minds with every dated fad and bankrupt philosophy, while continuing to ignore the ageless truth and supernatural beauty of the religion of Christ? It is unthinkable to let the blind lead the blind without making every effort to enlighten them. There is no reason why modern missionaries cannot repeat the successes of the past by the use of the intellectual approach. The apostolate to the intellectual classes is a difficult one, but it is a vital part of every mission program.

THREE MINUTE Meditation

"... Who against hope believed in hope..."
(Romans iv: 18)

IT IS DOUBLY difficult for Maryknollers to forget one date in this month. February 12 is the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes; in 1936 that feast was the day on which the body of Father Gerard Donovan was found.

It was in the fall of 1935 that this young Maryknoll priest was led up into the mountains of Manchuria by kidnappers. Six months later a searching party came across his body. The outlaws had strangled him.

More than one missionary's life was lavished on Manchuria. Many a priest spent the best years of his life in bringing the Faith to this land.

Today Manchuria is overrun by the Communists, who spare no pains in teaching the people to hate God. A thoughtless person might say: All that work to build a Catholic Manchuria and godless men wipe it out overnight.

But Father Donovan is still praying for Manchuria. And native priests, disguised as merchants, peddlers, or farmers, still work in Manchuria. With special permission from the Holy See these courageous priests wear no vestments and use ordinary wine in the Holy Sacrifice.

Conclusion: You and I need to remind ourselves often that God is an expert at drawing good out of evil. Ours is not to reason why; ours is to keep praying and trying no matter how black the future may seem.



They Need Your Help

Young men in training to be Maryknoll missionaries, at our new seminary in Glen Ellyn, Illinois, need some household items. Perhaps you would like to provide one or more of the following.

I. For the seminarians:

400 beds, each	\$10	400 desks, each	\$15
400 mattresses, each	\$10	400 clothes lockers, each	\$10
400 pillows, each	\$ 1.50	400 table sets, each.	\$ 3
400 crucifixes, each	\$ 2	800 chairs, each	\$ 4
400 window shades, each	\$ 2	800 blankets, each	\$ 3
400 window curtains, each	\$ 2	400 holy water fonts, each	\$.25

II. For their chapel:

Mass candles, year's supply	\$50	5 sets vestments, each.	\$ 25
Altar missal	\$35	5 albs, each	\$ 15
Mass Wine and hosts	\$25	Sacristy supplies	\$100
Sanctuary-lamp candles	\$25	Sacred vessels	\$100

*To provide for a missionary in training,
send your offering to:*



THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P. O., NEW YORK



What Is a Missionaid?

WHEN BISHOP FREDERICK A. DONAGHY visited part of his Wuchow Diocese recently, he was gratified at the strong Christianity he saw. He was particularly pleased because he knew that only a few years ago there was not a single Christian in this entire region. The development of the Church here is due to the robust efforts of Father Mark Tennien and his devoted Chinese helpers, whom he calls "missionaids." For Father Tennien's own description of a missionaid, or catechist, turn the page.





MISSIONAIDS are local Catholics we employ to instruct converts and build up the Faith.

THEY ARE traveling salesmen who break into territory where the Church is unknown. Through them interest is awakened in God and His Church.

THEY ARE organizers who shape the pagan villagers into units for evening study classes.

THEY ARE teachers who drill the catechism into souls waiting for baptism. The missionaids put prayers on their lips and devotions in their hearts.

THEY ARE trouble shooters who know the psychology and face-saving customs of their people. They answer objections, solve doubts, smooth out grievances and settle misunderstandings.

THEY ARE our curates instructing the far-flung flock, directing prayers and worship, assisting at funerals and arranging marriage engagements between Catholics.

WE COULD well say, a missionaid is the missionary's right arm. And a priest's accomplishment in China is measured and limited by the number of missionaids he can employ.





Father Tennien employs 150 missionaids, who are instructing 1,500 prospective Christians. Salaries run to about \$1,500 a month, or \$1 for each convert under instruction. Funds are needed now to keep this work going.



ALL THE ANSWERS

Religion aids to help mothers and teachers find the right answers.

THE RELIGION TEACHER AND THE WORLD—Expertly prepared lessons with true stories. Three volumes for grades one to eight. **\$3.00**

WORK BOOKS—Pictures to draw or color, stories to tell, things to do. *God and Everybody* for First Graders. *God's Children Everywhere* for Second Graders. *God's Other Children* for Third Graders. **15c each**

SLIDEFILMS—A series of slidefilms on the Sacraments is in preparation. Three are ready. *Baptism: All Nations*; *Holy Eucharist: Our Daily Bread*; *Holy Orders: Into the Whole World*. Each slidefilm has approximately 45 frames. **\$2.50 each**

Check blank below for Catalogue

SPECIAL OFFER

Two Maryknoll Biographies

15c. Value for \$2.95

WHEN THE SOLEMN WAS HIGH—An illustrated biography of Father Gerard Donovan. **\$1.25**

THE MAN ON JOES STICK ALLEY—An illustrated biography of Father Daniel McShane. **\$1.75**

\$5.00

HIGH ROAD IN TARTARY—The keen observation and quaint wisdom of the old Abbe who made the dangerous journey from Peking to Lhasa (1844-1846) make this a first-class travel story and a fascinating bit of Oriental literature. *Scribners* **\$3.00**



FOR YOUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Sparkling Text and Colored Pictures

JESUS HELPS EVERYBODY—A new, beautifully illustrated book about the Son of God, for 8 to 11 year olds. *Garden City*. **\$1.00**

JESUS COMES FOR EVERYBODY—An all year round favorite with 8 to 11 year olds. *Garden City*. **\$1.00**

LOTS OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS—A delightful story with a wealth of colored pictures for children of 6 to 8 years. *Macmillan* **\$2.00**

MY BOOK ABOUT GOD—A beautiful picture book to help mothers teach their tots of 4 to 6 about God. *Macmillan*. **\$2.00**

MARYKNOLL STATIONERY

NOTE CARDS—Full-color decorated folders. 10 cards and 10 envelopes, \$.40; 30 cards and 30 envelopes, \$1.00

No. 201 Assorted designs
No. 208 I am the Light

No. 209 Thy Sons
No. 210 All Peoples

LETTERPAPER—Printed in color. 12 sheets and 12 envelopes, \$.35; 24 sheets and 24 envelopes boxed, \$.60

No. 256 All Peoples. Design in full color.
No. 250 Three Singers. Design in full color.
No. 265 Chinese Proverbs. Four assorted designs.

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Padre Oracle Speaks

by Gorden N. Fritz

ONE EVENING last week the nine Indian judges of Mission Cavinás, in Bolivia, marched into my room. They looked the part, as behind them came stumping the one-legged, forlorn figure of Marcos, evidently a prisoner before the bar.

But that could not be, I thought. Marcos is an honest man, our head carpenter. What trouble could he have made. However, I had to wait to find out. We discussed the weather, the crops, the work, the coming *fiesta*. Then one of the judges blurted, "Padre, Marcos here wants Felipe's sewing machine."

Felipe was Marcos' brother and had died of fever in the jungle two years ago. Naturally his widow had inherited the sewing machine. Now she is planning to marry again, and since she is old and has no children, Marcos thought he should inherit the machine. If Paulina wants a machine her new husband should buy her one.

Marcos soon came to his own defense: "Why, Felipe was my very own brother!" he said. "And besides, I have a big family to care for."

"Now wait a minute," I cautioned. "What does Paulina say?"

"We don't know, Padre. We haven't asked her."

So we waited in silence while Paulina was called. "There is a little difficulty about your sewing machine," I said to her.

Paulina sat up straight in her stiff-backed chair, wiggling her bare toes. Her tongue lashed out, "That sewing machine is mine, and I'm going to keep it!"

Meanwhile, I was thinking a little and trying to pretend that I was thinking very much. I would have to give a decision. For in spite of the nine brave judges, in a case like this, I am the City Council. And then I got the spark of an idea. I held up my hand, and the discussion stopped abruptly. They all looked towards me.

"What I think should be done is this. Paulina and her husband are soon going out to the jungle. They can't take the sewing machine there. Let them leave it in the house of Marcos. Meanwhile, he and his family can have the use of it. He must buy thread and oil; he must keep the machine in good condition.

"When Paulina comes back in August, she can take the machine to her own house again."

I looked at each one concerned, in turn, and asked: "Does that meet with your approval?"

My decision was greeted on all sides by expressions of pleasure. Even Paulina looked happy. She had probably been wondering where she was going to hide the machine to keep it from rusting! As he went out, Marcos remarked: "It is good!"

Yes, sometimes it is pleasant to be the City Council.

An inspiring bit
of reverie

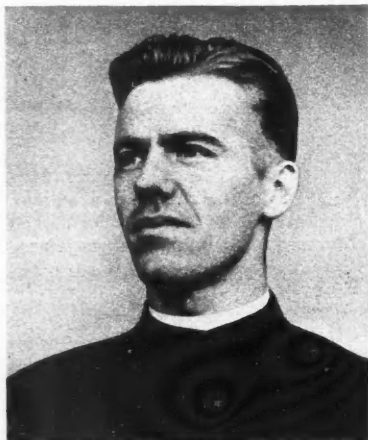
My Friend the Church Step

by Walter J. Sandman

IT'S NOTHING MUCH to look at, but I like to feel that there's quite a story tied up in my friend, the church step.

On Sunday morning it is always busy just before the last Mass. Today I watched Hugo sharpen the point of his favorite top on the stone of the step. Hugo is the boy who saved the life of Juanito after the latter had fallen into the lake on the outskirts of town. Off Hugo went to spin tops with his pals. Over the church step passed Don Pedro, who comes on foot, rain or shine, down the mountain from his home ten miles away, to assist at Mass and receive Communion.

Then Maria limps onto the church step. She's the little girl who got out of the hospital two days ago; her foot had been crushed when a cow she was milking stepped on it. Now Don Arturo puts his foot on the step. He's the mayor, doing a good job of running the town, and at the same time he gives good example to his fellow townsmen.



The author

And now there is Matilde, president of the Young Ladies' Catholic Action. Her zeal has brought many a soul to God. Old Dona Peta's foot-steps traverse the step; she makes her living washing wool in the creek. There goes Don Manuel, who gave us earth from his fields to make mud bricks for the new chapel in Calpun. Oscar passes into church. He is a good man who spends much time looking after the needy.

Now for a moment there's no one. But I remember it was only yesterday when a casket rested on that friendly step. In it were the mortal remains of Don Valeriano, who built the main altar in our church.

Almost everyone is in church now. Finally over this worn step go other feet — those of the pastor, Father Joseph Rickert, who enters the church to bring God to all the various people who make up his flock.

"Americans Are Funny People"



ONE DAY a Chinese widow handed me three small rice cakes saying simply, "For you, Spiritual Father." I felt sure the poor woman would have no cakes for herself that day. I was on the verge of remonstrating, "It is a festival day, and you should keep them for yourself." But I recalled that Our Lord did not urge the widow outside the treasury of Jerusalem to take back her mite. Her sacrifice pleased Him. Giving made the widow happier and stronger. So I gratefully accepted the cakes.

Sacrifice makes one strong. This is a psychological and ascetical principle needing no demonstration. It is true of individual, family, or nation.

Recently a pagan half-joking said, "Americans are funny people, always giving things to others." I explained that the majority of

Americans, like many Chinese, are charitable people, who find it pleasant to give to their friends, and believe it a duty to give to the poor.

I told him that a missionary returning to China stopped to see my parents, and offered to bring a box of useful things to China for me. My mother said she had to keep the news a secret because too many people would want to put gifts in the box—want to "get in on it."

Perhaps no one can appreciate the generosity of the American people better than a missionary who has been through China's war years, and has distributed tons of relief to the poor. If America is strong it is because the spirit of sacrifice in her people has made her strong.

—From a missionary's diary

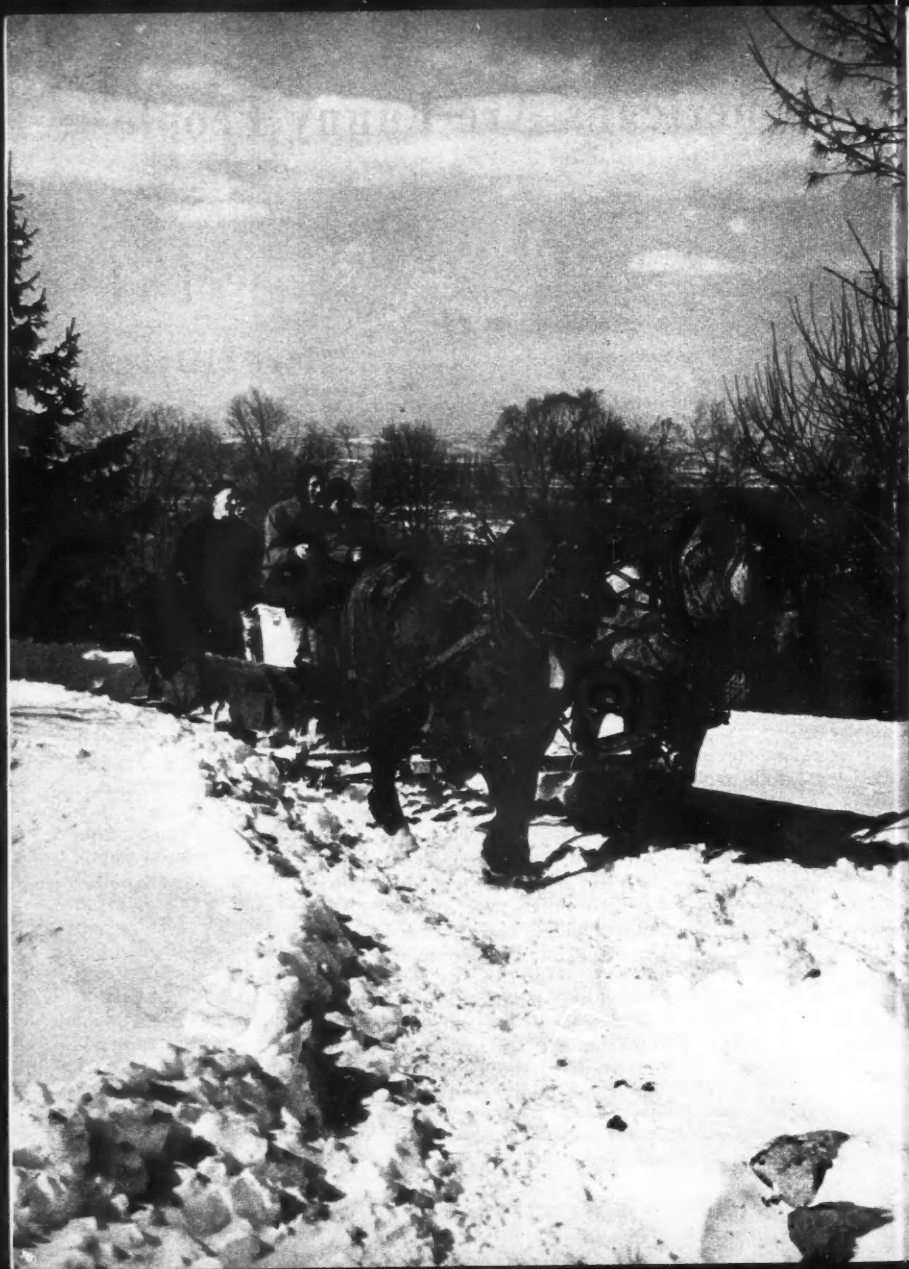


After all, to be hungry or cold or sick hurts just as much in Asia as it does in America or in Europe. Our Lord, knowing this, ordered us to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and assist the sick. By means of the Maryknoll Charity Fund, our missionaries feed and care for tens of thousands of suffering people. Your donation to the Charity Fund will make you a partner of our missionaries.

Write to:



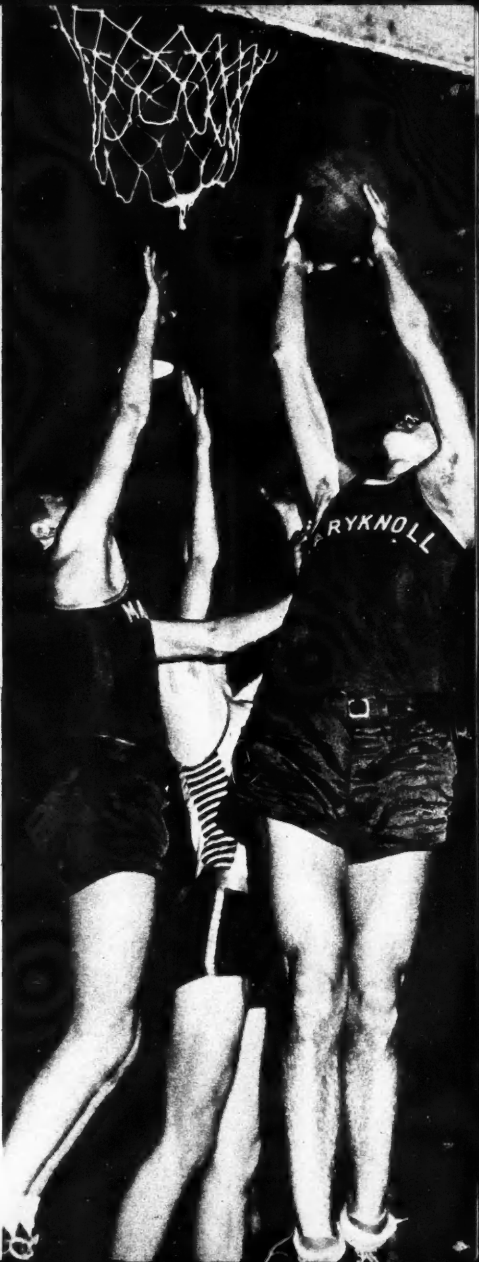
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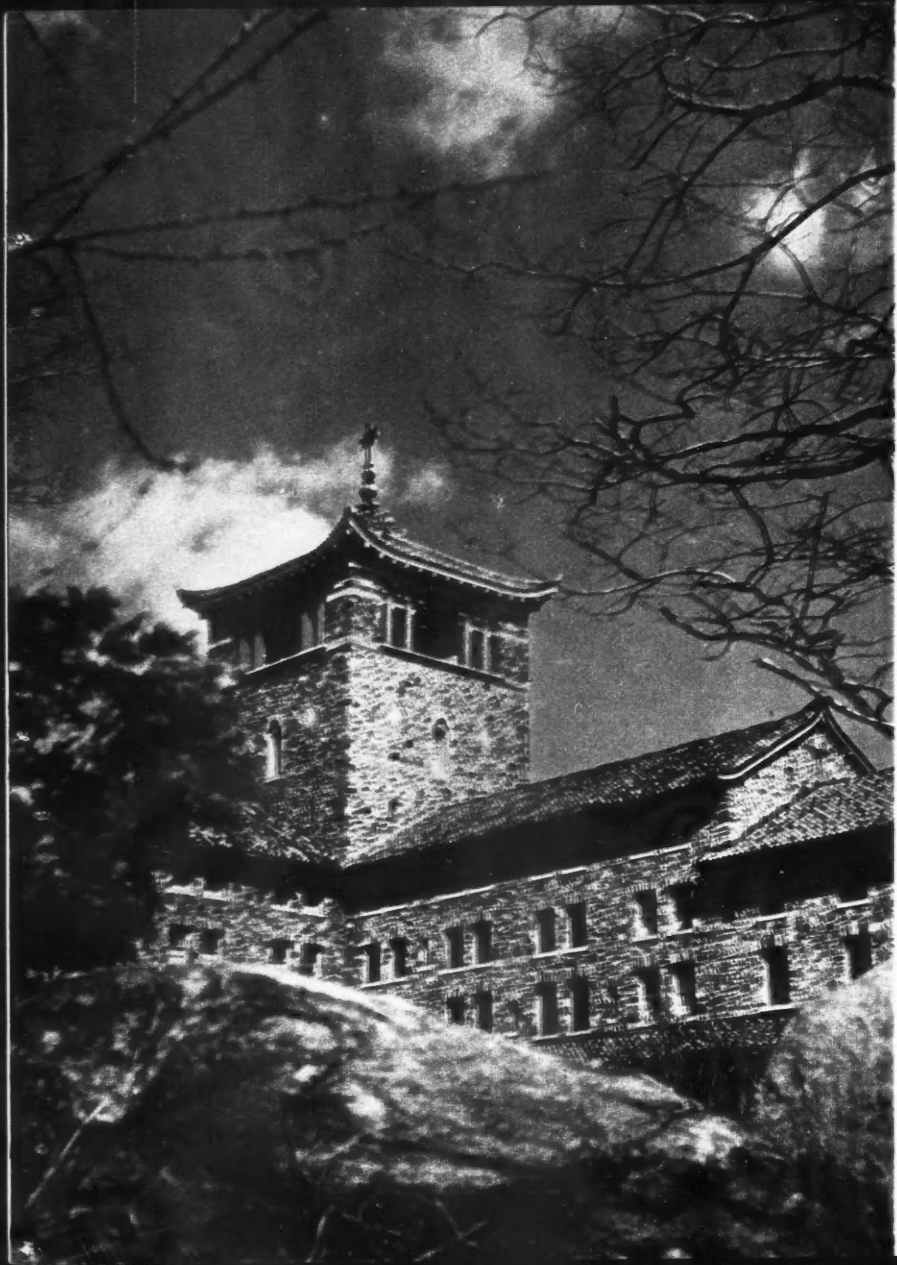




Winter AND Maryknoll

GRAY CLOUDS, a falling barometer, wind from the northeast, all team up each winter to drop many tons of snow on Maryknoll. When our tractor falters, the horses keep roads open. Our students engage in brisk walks and indoor sport.







THE HAND OF Winter

With gray-rocked walls, and green-tiled roof etched against a wind-swept sky, the major seminary (left) makes a forceful picture. Winter charms new beauty into our Venard College in the rolling Allegheny foothills of Pennsylvania (above). Snow tussles (left) rank next to skiing as sport.





Future missionaries at our Lakewood, New Jersey, school get their voices in shape to do justice to the carols and plain chant of Christmas song.



AFIELD with the *MARYKNOLL* *SISTERS*

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

A Spiritual Chip. Thomas Kazuki, a Japanese business man and a convert, called at the school office, in Waikiki, Hawaii, today with a prize story of a soul won over to Christ. Thomas has organized a Japanese convert class and has enlisted as teachers Father Meinsinger, S.M., and Sister Mary Gregoria, (a Maryknoll Sister). The attendance is very fine for Thomas himself does the house-visiting among the Japanese to tell them about the classes and canvass for membership.

His story today was of his happy acquaintance with a young Japanese war bride whose husband had died shortly after her coming to Hawaii and who was, on the very day he called, contemplating suicide because of her loneliness and grief.

Thomas took her to his home where he and his wife talked to her and persuaded her to attend the Sunday classes. She agreed to do so and is now eagerly asking for baptism. She no longer thinks of suicide but looks forward to a full life.

Unsightly to Man, but Dear to God: Sister Mary Martina has been praying for the return to the Sacraments

of one of the patients at Palo Seco, a leper colony in the Canal Zone. Leprosy has so wasted and deformed his hands that they look like claws. However, Sister is not so much concerned about his physical condition as about his soul's welfare. He has been outside the Good Shepherd's fold for a long time.

Sister Martina begged him to see a priest and make his peace with God before it is too late. Juan promised to think about it. May his heart and will get in line with his thoughts!

Where Peace and Charity Reign, There Is God

"Sister Gloria admitted a young girl from Fushimi, half an hour's ride away from here, to the sewing staff in the Industrial Department. She was pleased to hear the girl remark, at the close of her first day:

'I am happy here because the girls working here are so good and the silence of this convent makes me want to be united to God.'"

— *Kyoto, Japan*

In Thy Light . . . "Old Mrs. Wong came to us the day after we had baptized a dying baby in' the dispensary. The baby did not die but became a source of life, as this story proves.

"I want to study your Doctrine," said Mrs. Wong, 'but I can't see very well, and I do not know characters. Do you think I can learn?"

"She wished to come each day for a lesson and we happily made arrangements for her instruction. Her eagerness to learn the doctrine and her fidelity in making the long daily trip on tiny bound feet won our wondering admiration.

"The mother had told her that the day the Sisters baptized the child was the first day it had opened its eyes. The widow's eyes are bad, and she thought Baptism would do the same for her. Now she knows that Baptism will open the eyes of her soul."

—*Kweilin, South China*

The Aged Like Parties, Too: "In Los Angeles, the Fujinkai again showed their wonderful spirit of cooperation by helping Sister Bernadette prepare a Japanese dinner for the old folks at the County Farm. Some were here

bright and early for Mass and then began preparing and cooking of the food for 100 dinners.

"The patients look forward to this New Year's treat each year."

First Communion At 60: "One of our patients—Rodrigo, a 60-year-old Brazilian received the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist for the first time today. His home is in a camp several hours from Riberalta. When he came to us for treatment, he was in tatters and the ulcerations on his right leg looked bad to our Madre Doctora—Sister Mary Mercy.

"For several days he came to the clinic for treatment; then suddenly he disappeared and we learned that he had gone back to his chaco for lack of funds. When he reappeared, he was hospitalized so that proper treatment might be given him. It was then we discovered that he had not yet made his First Holy Communion, and we began instructing him. Now, he is a daily communicant.

"When he returns home he will send his four children to Riberalta so that they may be instructed in their Faith." —*Sacred Heart Hospital, Riberalta, Bolivia*

MARYKNOLL SISTERS,
MARYKNOLL P. O., NEW YORK

DEAR SISTERS:

I enclose herewith \$_____ to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

As long as possible, I will send \$_____ each month for support of a Maryknoll Sister. I understand there is nothing binding about this promise.

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Sister Blanche tries to form good reading habits among the young patrons of the school library in Honolulu. (above) Sister Colombiere has these orphan girls all shined up for a welcome party in honor of Bishop Paschang's visit to the orphanage at Loting, China. She hopes she can keep them clean at least until the Bishop comes.



Any Room becomes a Church when an altar is in it; any table becomes an altar when the missionary opens his Mass kit and arranges the fittings. Such kits, compact yet dignified and useful, cost \$150. We ask aid in getting three Mass kits.



MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

Free Wheeling is possible in Japan, if you have the wheel; unfortunately, that is not free. Two Maryknollers need \$50 each, to buy bicycles that will help them to reach all parts of their missions. May they have the money?

We See Them Die! You only read about it. If you were on the spot, you would do everything possible to help — as we do. A sum — \$5 — that may be the price of a theater ticket to you, may be the price of a month of life to a Chinese refugee.

Vestments — so that the priest may go fittingly clad to the altar — are needed for the Maryknoll Seminary chapel, Glen Ellyn, Illinois. The cost is \$25 a set.

You, too, Will Grow Old. We hope and believe it will be in happier circumstances than those of many elderly Koreans. Their fate reminds us all that life is uncertain, and "blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Will you give \$5 for one month's support of one old Oriental?

For \$25, a set of altar cards can be purchased. They are greatly needed by a Maryknoll mission in China. Who will provide the needful?

Darkness Cannot Replace Altar Candles. In Africa, \$30 pays for a year's supply of altar candles, for one mission. Can you — will you — spare \$30?

Grow Old Gracefully is easier said than done in the war-torn village of Hoingnan, China. Can you spare \$5 to help Monsignor Romaniello?

He is doing great work for the old people of his section.

One Baby, \$5. Desperate, starving parents will give their children to anyone who will care for them. If we accept Chinese babies, they will grow up Catholics; if we do not, they may not grow up at all.

An Altar Missal costs \$35. Five such missals are needed for Maryknoll missions. As the donor of one, you can be certain that your gift will remain upon the altar for every Mass.

Give Rosaries to people who are too poor to buy them! Thousands of the people of China are extremely poor. Will you give \$1, or more, or less, so that our missionaries may be able to provide rosaries for those of their Christians who cannot get rosaries otherwise?

Money Makes the Mare Go. A year's food for two horses costs \$95 in Guatemala. Think of all the miles two missionaries can cover in a year on those horses! Who will supply hay? The \$95 isn't hay, but it means hay!



MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS IN CHINA NEED

each month:

\$5 for support of a cripple	\$15 for support of a catechist
\$5 for support of a blind child	\$15 for support of a native Sister
\$5 for support of an orphan	\$15 for support of a native seminarian
\$5 for support of a refugee	\$45 for support of a missionary
\$5 for support of an old person	\$50 for medicine for a dispensary
\$15 for support of a native priest	\$50 for the mission rice lines

each year:

\$25 for education of a poor child	\$30 for Mass wine
\$25 for Mass hosts	\$50 for altar candles
\$100 for distributing Catholic literature	\$300 for youth guidance

Send for the free booklet, *The Making of a Catholic Will*

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Here's a cheerful sight for a winter's
morn. But you'll have to go to Bolivia!



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